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R Powell (2)

THE
NARCOTIC;
A FARCE,
IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Antonio
Don Juan de Uola
Benedict
Lorenzo
Corregidor
Galper
Clark, Alguazils, &c.



WOMEN.

Leonora
Olivia
Anna.

Scene Madrid.

T H E

N A R C O T I C ;

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter Leonora on one side, Anna on the other.

Leo. **H**AVE you seen Don Juan, Anna?

Ann. O yes ma'am, I met with him at the usual place, the tavern.

Leo. Pooh! but did he receive my message, did he promise to come.

Ann. Yes ma'am; after he had drank your health, in another bottle; by which time the poor gentleman will be pretty well in for it; he was very merry when I left him. I'am surpris'd ma'am, you can like such a wild, rakish, extravagant fellow?

Leo. He is young and handsome.

Ann. All the world thinks ill of him.

Leo. I chuse to differ from all the world.

Ann. I heard that he has parted with his last acre, to old Benedict, and his brother the usurers, this very morning.

Leo. I care not let him bring me love; and I will supply him with paltry money.

Ann. Do not call it paltry ma'am, I am sure it helps us to a great many very pretty things. But how came you ma'am with all this love for Don Juan, to marry my master Antonio, the old rich Apothecary?

Leo. For that very reason, because he was old and rich, Juan and I, young and poor.

Ann. I am sure he is the most indulgent of husbands, here you have a fine house, fine cloaths, and fine jewels.

Leo.

Leo. Ay it is very true : but I have found out that a young and handsome wife, like myself, requires something more from her husband than a fine house, fine jewels, and fine cloaths.

Ann. Which my poor master does not possess.

Leo. But Juan does I fancy, so am determin'd to try. But did you give him the rope ladder, and are you certain that you describ'd the window quite right ?

Ann. O yes ma'am, I had not much difficulty to make him understand, for your young men now a days are very devils at these affairs: but now you are sure of him, are you certain of my master.

Leo. Yes he is going to a consultation, at the further end of the city, and as the patient is very rich and liberal, you may depend upon it the good Doctors will not hurry themselves, so I shall have some hours to spend in the company of my charming Don Juan.

Ann. As that is the case your Ladyship is pretty safe. But is not my master gone yet, for Juan will be here directly.

Leo. No but he will soon be. He has been these two hours preaching to me the dreadful consequences that attend the breaking of the marriage vow.

Ann. Which has determin'd you to break it out of pure contradiction I suppose ma'am ?

Leo. Even so Anna ; for when old husbands endeavour to keep their young wives chaste, with words only, they generally shoot very wide of the mark.

Ann. But when young wives are determin'd to cuckold old husbands, they draw the bow with more dexterity.

Leo. Hush ! hush ! here your master comes.

S C E N E II.

Enter to them Antonio.

Anto. Have you been considering Leonora, of what I was saying to you ?

Leo. Yes love, you always talk so wisely, it gives me
pleasure

pleasure to hear you, and it makes a very great impression I assure you.

Anto. I believe I do, I believe I do: but you must not be running up to the balconies, if you hear the sound of two or three humstrum fiddles and guitars, when I am gone out. I wonder what the young fellows mean by capering about the Streets, quivering and quivering, all night, to the annoyance of all old married men?

Ann. With young wives, Sir.

Anto. Hold your tongue huffy, hold your tongue.

Ann. But, Sir, I heard you say the other day, that you wou'd not have serenades abolish'd on any account?

Anto. But I wou'd have them confin'd to rainy evenings huffy: for then what with getting wet to the skin, quivering and stretching his throat, my young spark is so hoarse, that I have him on my list in the morning, and I do not let him off again in a hurry.

Ann. Not till the next rainy evening, Sir?

Anto. Hold your tongue huffy, I say, (to *Leo.*) But I must leave you love, or I shall make the doctors wait, then there will be a fine to-do: for it is the practice of us gentlemen of the faculty always to appear in haste, that our time may seem more precious.

Leo. I am sorry to part with you love, but business must be minded. (*aside.*) I must get him off, for fear Juan shou'd come.

Anto. Thou art a good girl I know love, kiss me (*she kisses him*) But listen not to that magpie there.

Ann. A magpie indeed! my wise master, I think you are more likely to become a horned owl. (*aside.*)

Anto. But go down stairs love, I will only step into my closet for a few necessary things, and follow directly. I have left some good books on the parlour table to amuse you whilst I am out. (*Exit into the closet.*)

Ann. Oh dear! that an old wise man shou'd be such a fool, to think his young wife would entertain herself with good books when he is from home.

Leo. Hush! or he will hear you. (*speaks aloud to Anto.*) You will not be gone long love?

Anto.

Anto. (within) Not very long, I must be back by nine to perform the grand operation on Don Vincentio's leg. But go down stairs, I will bid you good be w'ye there.

Ann. We will Sir, we will, heaven send you a wet evening, and us a serenade.

Anto. Was there ever such a prate apace, thou art enough to corrupt a Lady Abbess: wife listen not to her.

[*Exeunt* Leo. and Ann.]

Antonio comes out of the closet with a bottle in his hand.

Anto. That chattering girl is enough to make one mad, I wonder my wife can keep her: but I must be gone, my patient D. Vincentio, is of so delicate a nature, he will faint away at the scratch of a pin, and as the operation I shall perform will be a very painful one, I have prepared a *narcotic*, so strong, that it will make him sleep for two hours, so sound, that egad! you might cut off his head and he know nothing of the matter. I shall leave it on this table to be in readiness on my return. (*places the bottle on the table*) now for the consultation, where I, and my brother doctors, will make shift to say two or three words, drink two or three bottles of wine, and put two or three doubloons in our pockets, and our patient be not one jot the better for it. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Don Juan at the window.

Juan. So all is safe as that little slut Anna told me. Here am I arriv'd on the coast of love, with two bottles of burgundy in my head, and not a single rial in my pocket; for the last pistole I receiv'd from old Benedict this morning is gone; but my little Galen shall supply me; for she is rich, and wants love, which I can give her; and I am poor and want money, which she can give me: so egad we shall agree charmingly, she shall be my Eldorado, my golden coast, I will go to her freighted with baubles, and return laden with gold. Fortune! I will no more call thee a slippery jade, for here have

I no sooner spent all that I had, but thou like a true honest hearted wench as thou art, sendest this rich galleon in my way. (*sees the bottle*) Egad! if my little Hippocrates knowing how fond I am of the juice of the grape, has not left a bottle to comfort me till she comes, (*takes it up and sets down in the chair*) so here is to her charming delicious health; (*drinks*) it is confounded strong, but not wine; I suppose it is some cordial for her Ladyship's own private drinking, so I will e'en have another taste. (*drinks again*) I cannot say I admire her palate much, but the wine I drank at the tavern had made me dev'lish dry, and this has refresh'd me: I wonder what makes Leonora stay so long; I suppose the old fellow is not gone yet; (*begins to yawn*) why I can't keep my eyes open (*yawns*) nay, if she is so long in coming, I may as well take a nap, (*leans back in the chair*) make haste my charming Leo.---(*yawns*)---Nora---make haste---or I shall certainly be asleep---come to the arms---of thy---expiring---adoring lover.
(*falls fast asleep.*)

S C E N E III.

Enter Leonora.

Leo. Welcome, welcome, my dear Juan, to the arms of thy adoring Leonora. Why! hey! what the deuce, has the fellow fallen asleep, why, Juan! I say! was there ever any thing so provoking; why Juan, I say! awake! it is thy Leonora calls thee. (*pushes and pulls him*) Alas! he is dead; quite dead; what shall I do? unfortunate woman that I am!

S C E N E V.

Enter Anna.

Anna. What is the matter ma'am?

Leo. Alas! alas! Don Juan is dead.

Ann. Dead ma'am! O no on'ly dead drunk, and fallen asleep, that's all.

B

Ann.

Ann. (*goes to him*) Why, Don Juan, you nasty great drunken beast, are you not ashamed to fall asleep when you come to make love to a lady; why Don Juan, I say, awake! you are a pretty fellow for a lover truly, awake I say! (*pushes him*) lord ma'am how he smells of wine; I wonder how you can like him? Awake Don Juan I say! (*pushes him*) suppose ma'am I just put the candle to his nose, I dare say that will compleatly rouse him.

Leo. Oh no! Anna he is surely dead, alas! alas!

Ann. I will try again ma'am. Why Don Juan I say! why Don Juan I say awake! (*pushes and pulls him, he falls out of the chair.*) Oh ma'am I believe he is dead indeed.

Leo. Oh! what shall we do? my reputation will be ruined for ever.

Ann. We shall be hang'd ma'am, which will be much worse.

Leo. Oh! no! my poor reputation. Oh! my poor Juan, Oh! my poor reputation will be intirely lost.

Ann. Oh my poor neck! my poor neck! we shall certainly be hanged ma'am.

Leo. Oh! never mind, so as I could save my poor precious reputation.

Ann. Never mind did you say ma'am, so as I could save my poor neck, hang me, if I should care a farthing for my reputation. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! that poor I should come to be hanged.

Leo. I shall be shut up in a nunnery, and never more come out, but to be buried.

Ann. I shall be shut up in prison, and never more come out but to be hanged.

Leo. What is to be done, cannot you consider? I am so distressed I cannot.

Ann. So am I ma'am, besides I am the worst in the world at considering, and I am frightened out of my wits. Oh! my poor neck! my poor neck!

Leo. Oh! what shall I do, unfortunate woman that I am.

Ann.

Ann. (*screaming*) Oh! oh! oh!

Leo. What is the matter Anna?

Ann. Oh! ma'am! ma'am!

Leo. Why what is the matter, speak?

Ann. Oh ma'am! ma'am! ma'am!

Leo. Why what has terrified you so?

Ann. Oh ma'am I thought! I thought! I thought!

Leo. What?

Ann. That the hangman had got hold of my shoulder, Oh, dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!

Leo. It is a pity but he had got hold of your neck; how can you trifle so?

Ann. Oh dear! ma'am, can you talk so horrid?

Leo. Something must be done, and that quickly, but what I cannot tell.

Ann. Suppose ma'am we could get him into the great chest under the Trunk-maker's window opposite; they leave it out all night.

Leo. Any thing to save my reputation.

Ann. And any thing to save my neck.

Leo. But how is he to be got there; can you carry him?

Ann. Oh! no indeed ma'am, I would not touch a dead man for the world.

Leo. Do dear Anna?

Ann. I cannot indeed ma'am: but I will get old Gasper my master's shopman to do it.

Leo. Do you think he will?

Ann. Yes ma'am; he makes love to me, and it is only saying a few kind words, and he will do any thing.

Leo. You must not say that I had any concern with it.

Ann. How can I help it ma'am?

Leo. Cannot you say Juan came to you?

Ann. Oh! but then my poor reputation, my poor reputation will be ruined, lost for ever.

Leo. Never mind your reputation, think of your neck.

Ann. Oh! dear ma'am do not mention it for heaven sake! I will do any thing.

Leo. I will give you my best gown, and twenty pistoles into the bargain.

Ann. I will do it ma'am, I will do it.

Leo. I will go, and contrive to send Gasper to you.

Ann. Oh! do not dear ma'am, leave me alone with Don Juan.

Leo. Why he is dead and cannot hurt you.

Ann. Oh! but his ghost may.

Leo. Do not be a fool. I will send Gasper directly.

Exit.

Ann. Oh! stop! pray do my dear ma'am: Oh dear! how barbarous. Oh! but suppose his ghost should come indeed: what should I do? I dare not look at him for the world; so I will get as far off as I can. *(creeps to the end of the stage)* thank heaven! here comes Gasper. Now am I so terrified, I declare I am afraid to tell a lie.

SCENE VI.

Enter to her Gasper.

Gas. My mistress says that she heard you call me Anna?

Ann. Oh Gasper! Gasper! Gasper!

Gas. What is the matter, Anna?

Ann. Oh Gasper! the saddest accident has happened to me.

Gas. What is it Anna?

Ann. Oh Gasper, a young man a relation of mine coming to see me, without my masters knowledge I hid him in this room, whilst I waited on my mistress: On my return I found him quite dead on that chair; and oh dear Gasper! I am afraid I shall be hanged for it.

Gas. It is a very sad affair Anna, I do not know what to advise.

Ann. Oh Gasper! if you would but assist me? I would soon make it all well.

Gas.

Gas. I assist you Mrs. Anna ; I who you frown upon, not I indeed.

Ann. Do dear Gasper ? I will never frown on you more.

Gas. Oh it is dear Gasper now ; but will you never frown on me ? but always look kind ?

Ann. Yes, indeed I will dear Gasper.

Gas. But was not this dead spark a lover ?

Ann. No indeed, he was a relation.

Gas. Will you kiss me Anna ?

Ann. Did you ever hear any thing so shocking, when one is in such distress, take one *(she kisses him)*

Gas. Oh thou dear delicious girl, what am I to do ?

Ann. Only take up the body, and carry it into the great chest at the Trunk-makers opposite.

Gas. No, I will not.

Ann. Do dear Gasper ?

Gas. Kiss me again then ?

Ann. Was there ever such a horrid creature. *(kisses him)*

Gas. And will you let me into your chamber at night Anna ?

Ann. O yes ! any thing, do pray take him away ?

Gas. Come on then, but you must hold up his legs.

Ann. Oh dear ! cannot you do without me ?

Gas. No indeed. *[Exeunt carrying Don Juan.]*

SCENE VII. *The Street.*

Enter Gasper and Anna with Don Juan.

Ann. Soft, do you not hear a noise ?

Gas. No nothing, put him in ? *(They put Juan in the chest)* Now we have got this spark safe housed in this box. You will not forget your promise Anna ?

Ann. No indeed. *(aside)* But I shall take pretty good care not to remember it good Gasper. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

S C E N E VIII. *Continues.*

Enter Benedict and Lorenzo, the usurers.

Ben. Did you find a ready chapman for Don Juan's lands brothers?

Lor. Yes, and the money is safely lodged with the rest.

Ben. Juan has parted with his last acre.

Lor. Yes, and his last pistole which he spent in the tavern about two hours ago.

Ben. Then it will be time for us to be gone, lest he should become troublesome.

Lor. Why I think so too brother, for both he and the world begin to smell into our practices.

Ben. E'en let them, since we have got the cash. It is now two years since we have been in this City of Madrid, in which time, by our own roguery. the vices and follies of Juan, and a few others; we have amassed a pretty considerable fortune.

Lor. Considerable indeed brother. Fifteen thousand doubloons buried in the wood without the city, and ten more concealed in our apartments; which it will be necessary to move off as fast as possible.

Ben. Yes, for my lords the inquisitors, I fancy begin to scent us.

Lor. They are your very blood hounds; for the scent of gold: we must make quick work then.

Ben. We must be gone this very night brother.

Lor. Why night is the best time, I must confess; for I cannot say that our actions will very well bear the light: But we have no chest large enough to pack them up in brother.

Ben. There is one under that trunk-maker's window that would exactly suit our purpose.

Lor. So it would, suppose we purchase it?

Ben. Purchase it, no, no, it will be much better to steal it, for then it will cost us nothing you know.

Lor.

Lor. But suppose the trunk-maker should hear us?

Ben. Never fear, we can do it so gently it will be impossible. Besides the street is quite clear at present.

Lor. But then the sin of the thing to steal it.

Ben. Here is a pretty fellow for you, after defrauding Don Juan, and a few others; out of five and twenty thousand doubloons; suffers his conscience to sting him, at stealing an old chest not worth five shillings, for shame brother! for shame!

Lor. Well, well! it is no matter, I am content.

Ben. Have with it then? *(They take up the chest)*

Lor. It is as heavy as if Don Juan's body, doubloons, and all were in it.

Ben. As for the doubloons, we shall take pretty good care that they will be soon in it safe enough: but as for his body, I would much rather it was at the bottom of the sea.
[*Exeunt with the chest.*]

SCENE IX. *The usurer's apartment, after a short time.*

Enter Benedict and Lorenzo with the chest.

Ben. We have it home safe at last brother.

Lor. Now it will be necessary to collect our money together; suppose we fetch that from the wood first?

Ben. Agreed. But before you proceed further, let us give orders to my daughter, to get every thing in readiness for our departure?

Lor. Certainly. You had better call her.

Ben. *(Goes to the door and calls)* Olivia! Olivia!

SCENE X.

Enter Olivia.

Oliv. Did you call sir?

Ben. We are obliged my dear child to leave Madrid this night: you must therefore get every thing in readiness, with all the speed you can; whilst your uncle
and

and I, go and collect our money together, do you hear child?

Oliv. Why are we to be gone in such haste, sir?

Ben. There are reasons for it. You are answered.

Oliv. I shall get every thing ready sir.

Ben. Mind you do. Make the door fast after us?

Oliv. You may depend upon it sir.

[*Exeunt Ben. and Lor.*

Olivia alone.

Oliv. Now what roguery has my good father and uncle been about, that they are obliged to run away in such a hurry; something very bad I warrant; for I know them to be two very great---Lord I dare not say what?

[*Exit!*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *The usurer's apartment.*

Enter Olivia, and places something in a small trunk.

Oliv. And must I quit dear Madrid, without taking leave of my dearest dear, Don Juan; it will break my poor heart, I am sure it will, (*half crying*)---Now if I have not a great mind to play my father a trick, he wou'd not scruple to do it, then why should I, ecod! I will, I'll run off with all the money I can find in the house, to my dear Juan, it will be only giving him his own again, which, I am sure I always long'd to do, whenever I saw my father and uncle cheating him so---Ecod, I will! [*Runs to the side scene.*]

Juan. (*Awaking in the chest*) Come to my arms, my charming Leonora, come to the arms of thy adoring. Why! hey! what! where the devil am I?

Oliv. Oh Lord! oh Lord! a spirit! a spirit!

Juan. Oh Lord! oh Lord! I am dead, buried, and have got into purgatory.

Oliv. (*Falling on her knees*) Oh Lord! have mercy upon me, what can it be.

Juan. When did I die? how came I to die? oh poor! poor Juan!

Oliv. Oh dear, dear! what will became of me.

(*Juan bursts open the chest and starts up.*)

Oliv. (*screams*) Oh! oh! oh!

Juan. Why, what poor screaming, trembling wretch art thou? some poor soul doing penance, like myself, I suppose.

C

Oliv.

Oliv. Oh pray ! do not hurt me, dear spirit ? pray have mercy upon me ?

Juan. Hurt you, egad ! I hope you will not hurt me ? (*rubbing his eyes*) Why, what the deuce, these are my old friend Benedict's apartments, and here am I shut up in a box, why the old fellow has not taken me for old gold fure ?

Oliv. Oh dear spirit, sent from heaven to punish me for my sins, have mercy upon me ! I will not think of it indeed, I will not rob my father, indeed I will not.

Juan. E'en do my dear girl, for he is an old rogue, and it will be doing a good action. Why thou whom I took for a poor soul in torment, art my little Olivia old Benedict's daughter.

Oliv. Oh dear ! oh dear ! and who are you ?

Juan. Don Juan de Uola, do not you know me ?

Oliv. Are you indeed, and indeed, Don Juan ; but how came you into that chest ?

Juan. Yes indeed, I am, but how I came into this chest is more than I can tell, I wish you would lend me your hand to help me out of it, for it is a cursed inconvenient place for a man to be wedged in.

Oliv. But are you sure that you are Juan, and not the devil ?

Juan. Why yes my dear, I believe I am ; but I fancy the old gentleman you speak of has been very busy with me.

(*Olivia helps him out of the chest.*)

Oliv. You are Juan sure enough ; but cannot you tell how you came into that chest, nor how it came here ?

Juan. No faith ! I cannot ; all I do remember, is, that I drank two bottles at the tavern, then sallied out, and got up by a rope ladder into the house of Antonio the apothecary.

Oliv. What to do ?

Juan. To visit his wife I fancy, or something like it.

Oliv.

Oliv. Oh! you base perjured man. But cannot you remember any more?

Juan. Very little upon my honor; only she was a long while in coming, and I finding myself very sleepy, took a nap. In which time I suppose in comes the Devil, pops me into that box, and whisks me away here.

Oliv. It is a strange story.

Juan. But egad! I believe it is very true, at least it is the best account I can give of it at present. But thou wer't talking of robbing thy father; do my dear girl, and let us be off together.

Oliv. But will you marry me Juan, and never see Leonora more?

Juan. How much canst thou get girl?

Oliv. Ten thousand doubloons.

Juan. Ten thousand doubloons did you say; why my dear girl, I would marry all thy kindred for half the money, so make haste?

Oliv. I will. Oh dear! how happy I shall be!
(*As Olivia goes out her father knocks and call at the door.*)

Oliv. Oh dear! there is my father returned, we are ruined past all redemption.

Juan. It is unlucky the old fellow did not stay a little longer. I cannot say I should like to meet him here; cannot you hide me any where?

Oliv. Oh no! dear no! without you get in the chest again?

Juan. No by the lord, that I will not!

Oliv. You must indeed dear Juan, get in, get in.

Juan. Now I am once fairly out of it, the Devil himself shall not emboss me again easily.

(*Benedict keeps calling at the door Olivia! Olivia!*)

Oliv. Pray do my dear Juan, consider?

Juan. Nay, but suppose he should whisk me away again if I do.

Ben. (*without*) Olivia! I say open the door!

Oliv. No no, he will not, do pray dear Juan get in ?

Ben. (without) Olivia ! why do you not open the door ?

Juan. Well, well, I will ; but in case the black gentleman should come, I will be prepared for him.

(Draws his sword and gets into the chest.)

Oliv. Lay down do.

Juan. But suppose your father should open the chest ?

Oliv. No, no, he will not ; he will only leave some more Doubloons and go out again directly. Pray put your head down.

(She shuts him in)

(Olivia opens the door.)

S C E N E II.

Enter Benedict and Lorenzo, with money bags.

Ben. What made you keep us so long child ?

Oliv. I was busy packing up a box fir. *(archly)*

Ben. Very well, that is a good child. But go down stairs, your uncle and I have some business to transact before we go out again.

Oliv. (aside) Pray heaven ! they do not open the chest.

Exit.

Lor. Suppose brother, we place these Doubloons secure in the chest, before we go for any more ?

Ben. Well thought on brother. Poor Don Juan you will never see your Doubloons again ; if you were here you would be ready to hang yourself.

Lor. Thank heaven ! he is not here brother ; I cannot say that his company would be very desirable at present. But let us move the chest further this way, it will be more convenient.

Ben. Certainly brother. *(They move the chest)*

Juan. (within) Stop ye black and midnight spirits, what are you about. *(Bursts open the chest.)* No damme ! if you shall take me away again if I can help it ! So come on if there be ten thousand of you.

(Brandishing his sword.)

Ben.

Ben. and *Lor.* Thieves ! murder ! fire ! thieves !

Juan. Why what the deuce ! more wonders, Benedict and Lorenzo, is it you ?

Ben. And is it you, thou vile wicked wretch ?

Re-enter Olivia.

Oliv. (aside) I must not know him I find. Oh ! dear honest gentleman take all we have got, and spare our lives.

Ben. Take all we have got ; he shall take a halter first.

Juan. Why what do you mean gentlemen ?

Ben. We that supplied you, in your necessity, ungrateful wretch as thou art, to come to rob, and murder us.

Juan. You supplied me it is true ; but you made me pay dear enough for it. But to rob and murder you gentlemen, that is carrying the jest too far.

Ben. (aside to Lor.) Now if we could but get him fairly hanged out of the way, we might stay in Madrid with safety.

Lor. We will do it, we will do it. I will run next door to the Alguazil. *Exit.*

Juan. Now where is that damn'd fellow gone, on some mischief I warrant, for he looked very suspicious.

Ben. O ! thou vile viper, that we nourished out of our very bowels, supplying thee with money for all thy wicked brawls.

Juan. Nourishment did you call it, faith ! it was curs'd poor then, for it made me fall away very fast. But where is all this to end old fellow ? for the devil fetch me if I can guess.

Ben. In thy exaltation young fellow, that is all.

S C E N E III.

Re-enter Lorenzo, with the Alguazil.

Juan Nay if it comes to this, I will have a push for it.
(*Juan attempts the door, enter two or three Alguazils and stop him.*)

Ben.

Ben. and Lor. We charge thee with this villain, for breaking into our house with an intent to rob and murder us.

Juan. This is very strange: here was I put into that box the Lord knows how, brought here, the Lord knows when, and now am likely to be hanged, for the Lord knows what.

Ben. and Lor. Take him away.

Juan. Am I asleep, or awake? (*Shaking himself*) Egad, I cannot tell: if I am asleep and do not awake soon, this dream is likely to have a very melancholy conclusion.

Alg. That you must prove before the Corregidore. (*to Ben.*) I suppose he broke open this box with an intent to rob you of what it contained?

Juan. No egad! they shut me into that box with an intent to rob me of myself: that is the true state of the case I believe.

Ben. Take him away, we will follow directly.

[*Exeunt Alguizils with Juan.*]

Ben. Now if we can be so lucky as to get this fellow out of the way, it will be a good nights adventure for us. But how he came into that chest I cannot tell; so lest it should rise up in judgement against us, we will e'en move it off. (*They move off the chest.*)

Lor. You will follow us to the Corregidores, Olivia?

Oliv. Yes, sir. *Exeunt, Benedict and Lorenzo.*

Olivia, alone.

Oliv. What will my poor Don Juan be hanged at last. What two very sad rogues are my father and uncle. But cannot I do something to save him.---O! yes I will run to Donna Leonora's, (though I could tear her very eyes out) and see if I cannot discover how he came into the chest.

Exit.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Changes to Antonio's house.*

Enter Leonora and Anna.

Leo. The chest gone did you say?

Ann. Yes ma'am, as sure as death.

Leo. Did you see any body remove it?

Ann. No indeed ma'am. I looked out about five minutes before seven, and it was there safe enough; but when I looked again a short time after, it was moved clear off.

Leo. It is very surprising; are you certain they never take it in at night?

Ann. O yes ma'am, I know they never do.

SCENE V.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Fine news! rare doings! this comes of raking, and spending your money in taverns. I always thought what it would end in.

Leo. What is the news sir?

Ant. Bad enough: Why here is Don Juan de Uola, taken up for robbing old Benedict and Lorenzo the money brokers.

Leo. Don Juan de Uola! it cannot be, he is dead, sir.

Anto. Not yet faith: but he will very soon be, for the old fellows are determined to prosecute him.

Ann. I tell you sir, it is impossible; it cannot be Don Juan.

Anto. And I tell you, that you are an impertinent minx. What! would you persuade me out of my senses. Why I met him going before the corregidore, stuck up between two great fierce whiskered fellows, with half Madrid at his heels.

Leo. (*aside to Ann.*) I am thunderstruck! what can this mean.

Ann. (*aside to her*) It is impossible to guess ma'am.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Gasper.

Gas. A young lady who says her name is Olivia, begs to speak with you madam.

Leo. Show her in, what can she want?

S C E N E VII.

Re-enter Gasper, introducing Olivia.

Oliv. (aside) I wish I could look poison at her. I wonder what Juan can see in her to like her so.

Leo. Do you want to speak with me ma'am?

Oliv. Yes ma'am, will you step this way. *(they step aside)* I came about Don Juan de Uola.
(during the last speech Antonio goes to the table and takes up the bottle.)

Anto. But I must hasten to Don Vincentio. Why! hey! what the devil have you done with my narcotic?

Ann. and Leo. (together) Your what sir?

Anto. My narcotic, I say!

Leo. What was it for sir?

Anto. Why to put Don Vincentio to sleep to be sure. I have not time to prepare another, so shall lose the job.

Ann. (aside to Leo.) As sure as can be Don Juan drank it and was only asleep when he was put into the chest.

Leo. (aside to her) It must be so, bring me off if you can Anna; whilst I have some conversation with the young lady.

Ann. I will ma'am. *(Leonora and Olivia talk apart.)*
(to Anto.) Oh sir! forgive, pray do dear sir forgive me?

Anto. For what; you have not drank my narcotic, have you?

Ann. No sir. But Don Juan de Uola.

Anto. What did he drink it?

Ann. Yes sir,

Anto.

Anto. Oh! the dog, he deserves to be doubly hanged.

Ann. Will you hear me sir?

Anto. What, did you bring the dog here? I always thought you had a devilish good assurance.

Ann. I never heard any thing like you sir, you will not hear one out?

Anto. You have made but a very bad beginning: but go on huffy.

Ann. Don Juan I say sir. I say Don Juan coming to see me sir.

Anto. Egad! I said how your impudence would end.

Ann. Lord sir! if you interrupt on eso I cannot go on.

Anto. Well, well, I will not.

Ann. Don Juan coming to see me sir, I put him into this room, whilst I waited on my mistress, pray do not be angry sir?

Anto. Well, and so the dog drank my *Narcotic*?

Ann. I suppose so sir, for on my return, I found him fast asleep on that chair, but thinking him dead, I got Gasper to help me to carry him into the great chest at the trunk-makers opposite.

Anto. Ha! ha! ha! I cannot help laughing. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ann. Ha! ha! ha! All ha! ha! ha!

Anto. Poor Don Juan in the great chest. Ha! ha! ha! All Ha! ha! ha!

Leo. This young lady who is old Benedict's daughter, says he was found in a great chest at her fathers.

Anto. But how did he get there too?

Oliv. I cannot tell sir.

Anto. Well, it is a pity a man should be hanged for only going to sleep, (tho' the dog has made me lose my patient) we must see if we cannot assist him.

Oliv. Cannot you go to the corregidores sir?

Anto. Yes we will all go, and I will call on my neighbour the trunk-maker, and take him with us, to see if he can help to clear up the matter, so come on. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V. *The Corregedores.*

The Corregedore, Don Juan, Benedict, Lorenzo, Clerk, Alguazils, &c.

Cor. You both positively swear, that this young gentleman Don Juan de Uola, was found concealed in your apartments?

Ben. and Lor. We do my lord.

Cor. In what manner concealed?

Ben. In what manner my Lord?

Cor. Yes, in what manner? it is necessary for me to know.

Ben. In a great chest my lord.

Juan. (aside) Oh! that damned chest, the devil and it together, have conspired to be the death of me.

Cor. In a great chest: put that down clark.

Clerk. I have my lord.

Cor. How comes it Don Juan, that you, whose family have long been known to this city for their worth and honor, should thus disgrace them: long have I heard of your wild extravagances, with sorrow heard them: but never did I think they would have brought you to these wicked courses, and grieved I am to see you here.

Juan. I never thought so myself my lord; and egad! I cannot say that I am well pleased at being here now, I would much rather be any where else.

Cor. It will now be necessary to ask how you came into that chest?

Juan. Upon my soul, I cannot tell.

Cor. Impossible; you must.

Juan. You had better ask my friend the devil, he knows more of the matter than I do, I fancy.

Cor. It is not this air of levity that will save you, although the respect I bear your family; (for your father was my particular friend) makes me wish to settle matters between these gentleman and you amicably if possible: but you must first give me an account how you came into the chest?

Juan

Juan. My lord, tho' I know I am a sad wicked fellow ; (and your lordship perhaps thinks worse of me than I deserve,) yet I never told a wilful lie in my life ; and upon my soul I know no more how I came into the chest, than the child unborn ?

Cor. This will not do ; although I am sorry, yet if these gentlemen insist I must commit you.

Ben. and *Lor.* We do insist my lord, we do insist.

Cor. Can you give no account how you spent the afternoon, that will lead to some discovery ?

Juan. Yes my lord.

Cor. Let us hear.

Juan. (*aside*) Then I must betray Leonora, that will not be acting like a man of honor. No, though I am hanged for it, I will not forfeit my honor. (*speaks aloud to Cor.*) I cannot tell indeed my lord.

Cor. You trifle with us. Clerk write his commitment. (*Clerk writes and gives it to the Alguazil as they are taking Juan off.*)

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Antonio, Leonora, Anna, Olivia, Gasper, and Trunk-maker.

Anto. Where are you taking Don Juan ?

Alg. To prison, for getting into a box he cannot tell how.

Anto. But we can.

Juan. The devil you can ?

Anto. Yes, and without the devil's assistance too young gentleman.

Cor. Stop, let us hear ?

Anto. I will my lord.

Juan. (*aside*) You had better be quiet I think old dad, or else you will have reason to wish yourself in the chest.

Anto. It was only a little love affair.

Juan. (*aside, mimicing him*) It was only a little love affair. Was there ever such an old fool, to discover his own disgrace.

Anto. He came to make love to my maid.

Juan. (*aside*) I beg your pardon, I have my cue then.

Ann. You had better let me tell the story; I shall make a better hand of it than you fir.

Anto. Will your tongue never be quiet huffy. Well my lord, and not finding her directly, he drank a *narcotic* that I had prepared and left in the room where he was; so fell fast asleep.

Juan. I begin to smell a rat.

Anto. And she thinking him dead, gets him conveyed into a great chest under my neighbour the trunk-maker's window.

Trunk. Which was stole away this evening my lord.

Cor. Is this true young women?

Ann. Yes my lord! but my master has made but a bungling story of it I think.

Anto. I wish to the Lord, his lordship would send you to jail for your impudence huffy.

Gas. It is all true indeed my lord. I put him in.

Juan. The deuce you did old sharp chin! (*catches hold of Gasper's chin*) I wish you had put yourself in instead though.

Cor. I begin to have some light into the whole affair. Trunk-maker should you know your box again?

Trunk. Yes my Lord.

Cor. (*to Alg.*) Search Benedict and Lorenzo's apartments, and bring the chest into court.

[*Exeunt two Alguazils.*]

Juan. Oh! pray do not my dear lord, I shall never bear the sight of a chest again, the very idea has given me a crick in my neck.

Ben. (*aside to Lor.*) I think it is time for us to be off brother.

Lor. I think so too brother. (*They attempt to move f.*)
Cor.

Cor. Stop we shall have more business for you presently. Lay hold of them, release Don Juan.

(*Re-enter Alguazils with the chest.*)

Juan. I always thought that damn'd box would be the hanging of somebody.

Ben. (*to Lor.*) Where will this end brother?

Juan. In thy exaltation old fellow, that is all. Thank you for the hint.

Cor. (*to Ben. and Lor.*) How came that chest into your apartments.

Ben. My Lord!

Juan. They stole it my lord, and me along with it; pray hang them for that.

Oliv. (*aside*) Oh dear! that I could not save Juan, without hanging my father.

Cor. How dare you, wretches that you are, attempt the life of an innocent man. Clerk, write their commitment instantly.

Anto. This affair begins to grow too serious; suppose to make all up, old Benedict gives his daughter to Don Juan, with half his fortune, and let the uncle throw in his half too, and my neighbour the trunk-maker will take his box again; so instead of a hanging, we will have a wedding. What say you Don Juan?

Juan. Why if the old gentleman have no objection, (and egad! they ought to make me some recompence) and my little Olivia here consents. (*takes her hand.*)

Leo. (*aside to Anna*) Oh! the base man.

Anna. (*aside to her*) You had better be quiet ma'am, or we shall have more discoveries.

Cor. (*to Ben. and Lor.*) How say you, do you consent?

Anto. Begging your lordship's pardon, that is but a silly question; it is like asking a man if he will be saved when the rope is round his neck.

Ben. and Lor. We do consent.

Cor. (*to Alg.*) Release them. Now Don Juan, I hope you are convinced what necessity there is for a good name;

name : for all through this intricate affair, the bad idea we had of your character, (I will not say how justly) went much against you. But I sincerely wish that this nights adventure, may cause a thorough reformation in you.

Juan. It will my lord. For whenever I find myself going astray I will only think of it, and it will set all to rights presently. For both, I, my good father in law, and uncle, that is to be ; I dare say, are by this time convinced, that although KNAVERY, may be prosperous at first, yet in the end HONESTY, will always be the best POLICY.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

T H E E N D.

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